Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE POINT THE WAY;---WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1853. NUMBER 24.

TERMS.

The "*MOUNTAIN SENTINEL*" is published every Thursday morning, at *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per annum, if paid in advance or within three months: after three months *Two Dollars* will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued *until all arrearages are paid.* A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ *ADVERTISEMENTS* will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; $1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.

☞ All letters and communications to insure attention must be *post paid.* *A. J. RHEY.*

SPRING.

BY HENRY BRADY.

When Winter's howling, stormy blast,
With fury on us rolls;
When virgin snows fly drifting past,
In mountains from the poles,
When fierce north easters clear the street,
Of every living thing,
O then how much we long to greet
The calm and genial Spring.

Ho! Spring approaches—how exact,
The seasons do return,
Each rising sun proclaims the fact,
Its beacon signals burn;
The atmosphere, the woods and lawn,
Most joyously do ring.
With sounds peculiar to the dawn
Of calm and genial Spring.

Then let's be joyful we who are
So favored from on high;
Bow down the head, let humble prayer,
Ascend above the sky;
Let's cease awhile our worldly boasts,
Attune the harp and sing.
Hosannas to the Lord of Hosts,
Who sends another Spring.

Soon Nature in her richest robe,
Most glorious will be seen;
Her hand will spread the entire globe
With purest, richest green;
Her softest carpets span the earth,
She will her mantle fling,
Oe'r forest, glade, and mountain heath,
The fast approaching Spring.

Ye who, by sickness are oppressed;
Ye who on crutches go—
Jump up, exult, you'll find it best,
As doth the bounding Roe:
Come out and view the budding trees;
Your doors and shutters fling
Wide open, to admit the breeze,
Of sweet refreshing Spring.

Ye youthful happy nymphs and swains,
Who, like the lamb and fawn,
Do skip and sport through flow'ry plains,
Or in the shaded lawn;
Remember whilst you are at play,
That death may ply his sting,
Though in the morning of your day,
Before another Spring.

The mighty monsters of the deep,
The small fish in the stream;
They too, jump, up, and as they leap,
They praise the great Supreme;
The Eagle soaring to the Sun,
The small bird on the wing,
And lark, at day-break, hath begun
To worship God in Spring.

O, breathes there one beneath the skies,
A man, who ever trod,
This earth of ours, and still denies;
The existence of a God.
Let such, if such there be arise,
And view each happy thing,
For all that walks, or swims, or flies,
Must worship God in Spring.

Australia.

The advices by the last arrival are on the whole highly favorable. Twelve thousand emigrants and one hundred and fifty two ships arrived at Port Philip during the single month of December, and the yield of gold from the Victoria Diggings, amounted to 100,000 ounces weekly. The Melbourne Argus reports that from the 18th of November to the 30th of December there had been brought down to that port by escort from the mines, 382,177 ounces of gold, and to Adelaide, 112,927 ounces; total, 495, 104.

The Argus estimates that, adding that brought down under escort and that conveyed by private hands, the total yield has been 3,998,321 ounces, and adds:

We may say, in round numbers, 4,000,000 ounces, which amount to £14,000,000 sterling; but its intrinsic value is certainly more, nearly £16,000,000 sterling. The world has never, perhaps, exhibited so astounding a result as these figures show.

The number of diggers at the various gold fields may now be estimated at 100,000; and the average earnings may probably still be calculated at an ounce per man per week. There has been a slight falling off in the quantities sent down by escort during the last month, but this is partly to be referred to the departure of diggers to spend their Christmas at their respective homes.

Mount Alexander, Ballarat, and the Ovens are now being advantageously worked. The astonishing richness of Mount Alexander is evidenced in the large amounts which it yields, notwithstanding the immense quantities that have already been drawn from it. The whole country thereabouts appears to be more or less auriferous.

From the New York Home Journal.

RAMBLINGS IN ROME.

Rome, February, 1853.

Standing on the cupola of Rome's capitol, I looked down on what was once the proud city of the Cæsars. How long it is, on a spot like this, before the mind is prepared for the actual, and ready to grasp the great theme before it! How, instead, it wanders back to gather up those million associations which have truly made "familiar as household words" the names which hallow the scenes around! Old college days, which Cicero and Horace made tedious, claimed now the first thought. I was standing—

"'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome."

The seven hills on which she sat a queen, were difficult to trace. Old time has been busy with his scythe, and centuries of ruin had crumbled "in indistinct decay" the shrines and palaces that were her glory then. The valley between the Viminal and Esquiline was well-nigh filled. The magnificent ruin of Diocletian's bath marked where towered the one; on the other, where the Etruscans had their home, still stands the ruined Temple of Minerva; and Mæcenas lived near where is now the splendid Basilica of Maria Maggiore. Near me was the Palatine, where dwelt the Arcadian Evander, covered by the ruined palace of the Cæsars, "where the owl peeps, deeming it midnight." There was begun Rome! There stood the Ruminal fig tree! There was Nero's "golden house!" On my right the Tiber rolling at its base, was the beautiful Aventine, where the twin brothers sought an augury. On its ivy-covered brow was the cave of Cacus, and beyond it, like a sleeping leviathan, lay the gigantic ruin of Caracalla's bath! Beneath me was the Forum, stretching to the arch of Titus; while under the beautiful monument of Severus ran the "via sacra," where Romulus and Tatius made their peace, and Horace says he loved to walk. Sleeping in the sunshine lay a beautiful Corinthian column, and half tottering to join their fellow stood its companions of Vespasian's Temple. Not far from it stood the single shaft of Phocas, with the added beauty Byron gave it,—

"Thou nameless column with the buried base!"

Beyond the arch of Constantine rose that wonder of the world—the Colosseum! On my left was the "Pantheon, pride of Rome;" and towering high up beyond it, the Antonine column of Aurelius; while Trajan's unequalled pillar raised itself from the half-buried forum Appollodorus planned. On the slope of Capitoline was the "steep Tarpeian," while far in the east the snow-clad amphitheatre of hills encircled as of old the beautiful Campagna, bathed in the mellowing glow of an Italian sunshine. Every hill side had a story of its own to hallow it! The slope of the Alban Mount was once the Alba Longa of "the boy Ascanius;" and near it, in the dark wood, was the pretty lake, and Castel Gondolpo. To the right by Tiburtum, where were born the Antonines, and Roscius, and where lived Milo. Furling in the distance loomed the "cold Præneste," and Tusculum, where Cicero had his villa, sparkled in the sunshine. The pretty Anio dashed over its rock at Tivoli, and falling like a shivered rainbow into the vale beneath, rested for a moment, as though in love with the genius of the place, and ran kissingly to the Tiber. My dream of years was realized! It required but a little effort of imagination, and the forum was repeopled to hear Tully thunder in philippic, or see Cæsar led in triumph to the capitol. A turn in the kaleidoscope, and the toged philosopher walked side by side with the purple robed senator; or the "hungry Cassius" leaned against yonder half buried column, plotting with the "envious Casca" the blow he must strike on the morrow; or Paul was led bound to the Mamertine dungeons, because he would tell them of the "unknown God." Away in the distance stood the "stern round tower," the Mausoleum of Metella, "the wealthiest Roman's wife;" and in the vale below that "nymph-decpsy of some fond despair"—the beautiful Fountain of Egeria—and on the hill above, the grove where Numa wooed his goddess. Near it was the tomb of the Scipios, and along the Appian walked Juvenal, seeking among the dead a satire for the living; and, by his side, plodding on his weary way to Baiæ, was the honest Umbricius! Truly it is a "Mecca of the Mind," this mouldering but eternal Rome—this "lone mother of dead empires!" It was painful to bring back our thoughts to the present; for singularly different was the scene in that forum now. Innumerable beggars lay crouched among the ruins, ready to assume an attitude of distress the moment some charitable stranger should pass. Under the arch of Severus sat a curious Englishman, who, unable to Eginize the monuments around him, was sketching the Temple of Concord. A cardinal's gilded carriage rolled heavily along, and here and there a fat and well-fed friar stood ready to raise, from his shaven pate, his dirty cowl. A vettura jingled on its way to Naples. A French soldier was collecting the "ostro" in the shadow of the Colosseum, and the bells of Rome's three hundred churches were tolling the Catholic world to mass! The contrast was singular. Splendor and poverty! Paganism and Christianity! I passed again the piazza of the capitol. In the centre stands the bronze equestrian statue of Aurelius. So great was Michael Angelo's admiration for this beautiful relic, that, while standing before it, he is said to have cried, "Camminа!" so truly lifelike are its proportions. In 1347, its nostrils ran wine to please the crowd that hailed Rienzi, "Rome's last tribune." The marble base on which it stands was once an architrave in Trajan's forum. At the great stair case leading to the capitol, are two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux; standing near, their horses, commemorative, no doubt, of the battle of Lake Regillus. The grim Egyptian Lion, of later days, is gone. On the hill, near the capitol, is the church of Ara Cœli. It stands where stood a Temple to Jupiter. The floor is of beautiful mosaic, and the columns are the spoils of the palace of the Cæsars. On its walls are some noble frescos, by Pinturecchio and Givolamo Muziano. The Savelli of mediæval memory have here their tomb. I was shown the celebrated figure of the infant Saviour, said to have been carved from a tree of Mount Olivet by a pilgrim, and painted by St. Luke, while he slept over his work. It is richly jewelled, and the veneration of it goes far to enrich the church. The English reader has an interest in this church unconnected with religion. Gibbon says, that "here, while musing amid the ruins of the capitol, the idea of writing the 'Decline and Fall' first presented itself to his mind." Passing the Tarpeian rock, I was soon opposite the pretty Temple of Fortuna Virilis, and in front of the house of Cola di Rienzi. It stands on a slight elevation, and is covered with marble decorations of various periods. The house is of brick, and was built in the eleventh century. The cornice is of marble, and on a marble slab, on the front nearest the capitol, is a long inscription in red letter, not referring, however, to Rienzi. The temple opposite, alluded to in Bulwer's beautiful novel, originally built by Servius Tullius, has been much altered, but even yet its chaste architecture finds many imitators. I entered for a moment, and how singular was the contrast! A Christian prelate was offering up the unbloody sacrifice where once smoked the victims to the capricious goddess, and the fragrant incense rose heavenward in sweet thanksgiving. Further on I paused a moment before the beautiful Temple of Vesta, and continued my walk along the Tiber. Just as I passed the Lublician bridge, the funeral of a young American, Benjamin F. Allen, of Boston, was on its way to the graveyard, and, leaving the Tiber, I followed on to the English burial-ground. Taking the "via di San Paolo," I was soon outside the walls, and the beautiful Campagna was before me. The burial-ground was on my left, and near it the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. I paused for a moment to look at the beautiful Mount Testaccio to the westward, and followed the little cortege as they entered the strangers' resting place. There seemed scarce room for another grave. The green sward was covered by tombstones telling of Death in a foreign land. Here and there a rose-bush dropped its leaves on the snow-white slabs, and the dark cypress was our only shade, as silently we threaded our way to the newly-made grave. Slowly and sadly spoken was the glorious service that consigned him to his narrow resting-place, and many a face was turned aside to conceal the unbidden tear. I waited until nearly all had left, for years of travel have made the scene a painfully familiar one, and turned from the young artist's new-made grave to find the older one of Shelley. A simple slab of marble, black with age, covers it, and on it are inscribed these words.—"Percy Bysche Shelley. Cor Cordium. Natus IV. Aug. MDCCXCII., obiit July 8, MDCCCXVII.

"Nothing in him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

There is an air of poetry breathing around the place which robs death of half its terrors. A lovely rose bush was just blushing into bloom at the head of the stone, and a tall cypress was at the foot,—the one beautiful as the breathings of his soul, the other gloomy as the shrine which enclosed it. The air was laden with the odor of a million flowers, and not a breath rustled the leaves of the trees through which the golden sunshine stole, as through the painted window of some Gothic aisle. An ivy hangs on the mouldering wall close by, and yearly drops its black berry on his grave. Some one had been there before me, and had left a pretty bouquet of fresh culled flowers. His son lies near him, and a single white rose hung dew dabbled on its stalk," at the head of the little grave. The "Cor cordium," in Shelley's epitaph, refers to the fact that when his body was burned, on the shores of Spezzia, his heart alone was unconsumed. Keats is buried in the adjoining cemetery, almost in the shadow of the great tomb of Cestius. His grave is marked by a single upright stone, on which is written in rude characters, his simple but affecting epitaph:—"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be inscribed on his tombstone:—*Here lies one whose name was writ in water*,' Feb. 24, 1821." Not a single flower grew near his grave, and I gathered a blade of grass to press among the leaves of "Lamia." A nettle was growing near the tombstone—it had no business there by poor Keat's grave, but how faithfully it recalled his melancholy story! Shelley has beautifully described this lovely spot (how little he dreamed when doing so that it would be his resting place) in his "lament" over his friend. "It might make one in love with death to think that one would be buried in so sweet a place." I made a rude wreath from a branch of a willow that "trails its delicate amber" over a grave close by, and hung it on his humble tombstone. Once more cordially yours, F. A. BEELEN.

Political Complexion of Congress.

In reference to the Thirty-third Congress of the United States, the New York "Journal of Commerce" says:—"By the election of 6 Democrats in South Carolina, and 3 in New Hampshire to the United States House of Representatives, that body now comprises 98 Democrats, 50 Whigs, and 3 Abolitionists. The same districts sent to the last Congress 88 Democrats, 60 Whigs, and 2 Abolitionists. Eighty-three members of the new house are yet to be elected. Total 234. The Democratic members will be to the Whigs in the proportion of about 2 to 1. The Democratic majority in the Senate will be 15 to 20. For the next two years at least every department of the government will be Democratic.

The plate in the Queen Victoria's cabin has been saved by a diver; but the man protests that nothing in the world would induce him to go down a second time; as the scene in the cabin was the most horrible he had ever witnessed. He thought he had entered a wax-work exhibition, the corpses never having moved from their position since the vessel went down. There were some 18 or 20 persons in the cabin, one and all of whom seemed to be holding conversation with each other: and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like that he was almost inclined to believe some were yet living.

The Peoria (Ill.) Republican states that a gentleman who had been for some time paying his addresses to a young lady, asked her hand in marriage, which was refused. He plead for some time after, and declared if she still resisted his suit he would commit suicide. She informed him such an alternative would not influence her in the least. At this he loaded a gun, and standing in front of the house, placed the muzzle in his mouth, and with his toe pulled the trigger. The discharge tore away his left cheek, and horribly mutilated his whole head and face, but did not kill him, though his recovery was considered impossible. The lady stood in the room, and witnessed the whole of the terrible transaction.

A Romance of Real Life.---A Heroine at the Australian Gold Diggings.

A late number of the Dublin Commercial Journal publishes a letter of quite romantic character, lately received by a lady of Dublin from a young female friend and former school-fellow of hers, now at the Australian diggings. It appears from her narrative that she and her brother were suddenly left orphans with £300 for their necessities, and all the fancies and niceties which life in prosperous circumstances is wont to include. She says:

"He had passed through college with credit, and could write poetry and ride up to the hounds as well as any huntsman who ever hunted the Golden Vale, while I, on my part, could play polka, sing ballads, speak French and a little German, was a capital horsewoman, (only I wanted a horse,) and once in my life had composed a waltz, and written sixteen chapters of a novel, which broke down from not knowing how to get my heroine out of a terrible scrape. But alas! my dear friend, all these things might have done well enough 'once upon a time,' but the real battle of life was now to be fought by two utterly inexperienced raw recruits, and the question was, how our time and means were to be profitably rather than pleasantly spent. Fortunately, we were both young, strong, active and hearty, and never did any Sebastian and Viola of them all, love each other with a stronger and more enduring affection, than did Frank and I—some remnants, as we were, of so much prosperity and so little prudence."

After a nervous consultation over the £300, they determined to emigrate to Australia. On reaching Melbourne, they found that they could not encounter worse inconveniences at the diggings, and there they now are under singular interesting circumstances. The young lady says:

"I was resolved to accompany my brother and his friends to the diggings, and I felt that to do so in my proper costume and character would be to run unnecessary hazard. Hence my change. I cut my hair into a very masculine fashion; I purchased a broad felt hat, a sort of tunic or smock of coarse blue cloth, trousers to conform, boots of a miner, and thus parting with my sex for a season, (I hoped a better one,) behold me an accomplished candidate for mining operations and all the perils and inconveniences they might be supposed to bring. All this transmutation took place with Frank and Mr. M.——'s sanction; indeed, it was he who first suggested the change, which I grasped and approved on.

I could not bear to be separated from Frank, and we all felt that I should be safer in my male attire than if I exposed myself to the dangers of the route and residence in my proper guise. We have now been nine weeks absent from Melbourne, and have tried three localities, at the latter of which we have been most fortunate, and our tent is pitched on the side of as pretty a valley as you could wish to visit. I have for myself a sort of supplementary canvas chamber in which I sleep, cook, wash clothes—that is my own and Frank's—and keep watch and ward over our heap of 'gold dust and 'nuggets,' the sight and touch of which inspirit me when I grow dull, which I seldom do, for I have constant 'droppers in,' and, to own the truth, even in my palmiest days, and never was treated with greater courtesy or respect.

"Of course my sex is generally known. I am called 'Mr. Harry' (an abbreviation of Harriet;) but no one intrudes the more on that account. In fact I have become a 'sort of necessity,' as I am always ready to do a good turn—the great secret, after all, of social success; and I never refuse to oblige a 'neighbor,' be the trouble what it may. The consequences are pleasant enough. Many a 'nugget' is thrust on me whether I will or no, in return for cooking a pudding or darning a shirt; and if all the cooks and seamstresses in the world were as splendidly paid as I am, the 'Song of the Shirt' would never have been written, at all events.

My own hoard amounts now to about £100 of gold; and if I go on accumulating, even the richest heiress in my family in former days will be left immeasurably behind. Sometimes, when I have a few idle hours, I accompany Frank and comrades to the diggings, and it is a rare thing to watch the avidity with which every 'basket' is raised, washed, examined and commented upon. Wild the life is, certainly, but full of excitement and hope: and strange as it is, I almost fear to tell you that I do not wish it to end! You can hardly conceive what a merry company gather together in our tent every evening, or how pleasantly the hours pass."

Compensation of Postmasters.

One of the acts passed on the night of the 3d of March, to establish certain Post routes, &c., contains a section fixing the following as the commissions of postmasters on the 1st of April next:

On a sum not exceeding $100—50 per ct.
" " between $100 & $400—40 per ct.
" " " $400 & $2,400—35 per ct.
" " exceeding $2,400—15 per ct.

When the mail arrives regularly between 9 at night and 5 in the morning, 60 per cent is allowed on the first $100

Those officers whose compensation shall not exceed $500 a quarter, are allowed one cent for every "free" letter delivered out of their offices, and each postmaster is allowed two mills for delivery from his office to a subscriber, each newspaper not chargeable with postage.

A Scene in Court.

"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state particularly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age!" "Upon what authority?" said the ostler interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age!" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasions? Why not state at once!" "Well, then, if you will have it," rejoined the ostler with imperturbable gravity, why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

NEW YORK BELLS AT A PREMIUM IN PARIS.—Two New York belles have been appointed *dames d' honneur* to the Empress of France.

SALLY STRICKLAND'S CASE;

Showing how the Doctor Cured her of the Blue Devils.

A Real Incident told by a Vermont Correspondent.

Miss Strickland was a maiden lady of five and-forty, who had wearied the doctor's patience by her reiterated attempt at dying at most unreasonable hours—at least so far as regarded the comfort of her medical attendant. One cold stormy night the doctor had been called to see Miss Sally, and had succeeded as usual in pacifying her fears, and left her enjoying a sound and refreshing sleep. He had hardly arrived at home, drenched through with the rain which was falling in torrents, and got into a warm and comfortable bed, when he was awakened by a loud rap at the door, and a voice without begging him to get up in a moment, as one of his neighbors was dying and needed his assistance. Half asleep and half awake, he sprang from the bed, and ran to the door to inquire which of his neighbors was in so dangerous a condition. On opening the window he was surprised and chagrined to find that his dying neighbor was Miss Sally Strickland—that after he had left her, an hour or two before she was taken suddenly down again, and had sent a messenger to hasten his return and to tell him that if he did not come quick he would not find her alive. The messenger urged him to get ready as soon as possible, and in the mean time he would get his horse and sulky up and have them at the door. The doctor, worn out with the repeated calls, and fatigued with his previous visit, hesitated; but finally decided on going, determined to make an end of the job by either killing or curing.

On his arrival he put on a gloomy and ghastly countenance, said but very little and very gloomily, and in all respects appeared more like a stranger from another world than the humorous and agreeable physician. On his entering the room of Sally, she noticed the countenance of the doctor, and discovered that some thing was preying upon his spirits, as he did not appear with his wonted cheerfulness. She inquired of him the cause of his gloom and begged him to unbosom his mind fully and freely, as it would probably be the last opportunity he would have.

He told here it would be improper under existing circumstances—that as the time of her dissolution was approaching, it might terrify her, and hasten her departure. She entreated him to keep nothing from her, though it might relate to herself, for she was desirous of knowing the worst of her cause, and was prepared to meet it be it what it might. He still declined disclosing the cause of his melancholy, and insisted that her remaining strength was insufficient to sustain in the shock which it must necessarily produce: and begged her to turn her thoughts to other and more appropriate subjects. Though Sally supposed herself dying, yet she was unwilling to die without having her curiosity gratified, and she therefore the more strongly importuned the doctor to keep her no longer in suspense. After getting her curiosity and imagination on tip toe, he consented. He said when the messenger came last for him he was in a sound sleep, and was dreaming that he was in the land of woe—that Belzebub was conducting him to the various rooms of the prison of despair, for the purpose of showing him their arrangement—that in passing the door of a room in which some young Satnas lodged, he saw them jumping and skipping about, apparently in high glee—that Belzebub noticing it told them to go to bed and be quiet—that on their not obeying his orders cheerfully and readily, he stamped tremendously on the floor, adding with true satanic emphasis, "Go to bed, I say, and get some sleep, for old Sal Strickland is coming to-morrow, and there will be no sleep in h—l for a fortnight!" Miss Sally sprang for the broom, but the doctor, catching up his saddle-bags, made his escape. The cure was effectual.

Beautiful.

The Editor of the Knickerbocker attributes the following to Ik. Marvel, and it is certainly worthy of him. Read it without tears if you can:

"Last evening we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs in three churches came floating out in the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it.

"It was sweet old 'Corinth' they were singing—strains we have seldom heard since the rose-color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old Deacon who sat in the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded 'application' and 'exhortation,' and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was—Corinth.

"It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and 'the prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended,' and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air—the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing 'Cornith' still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square columns at the right of the 'leader,' and to our young ears, their tones were the very 'soul of music.' That column bears still there pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 18—, before dreams of change had overcome their spirit like a summer's cloud.

"Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweet old tunes have died upon the air; but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet re-union of song that shall take place by-and-by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in their places once more."

The Famine in Ireland---The Friends and their Efforts.

The famine that prevailed in Ireland during the years 1846 and 1847, will long be remembered with pain. Many of the scenes were truly awful. Whole families, nay whole villages, were swept away. And yet the darkness, the desolation, and the death, called into active operation some of the truest spirits of philantropy. A meeting of Friends was held in the city of Dublin, on the 13th of November, at which a Central Committee of Relief was appointed, while a similar Committee was appointed in London, and the two cooperated together. They fed the hungry, clothed the naked, comforted the sick, and consoled the dying. The details of their doings constitute a noble chapter in the history of human nature. An account of their transactions has recently been published, and it possesses deep and touching interest. Witness the following passage:—

"At an early period of the distress, fever and dysentery, the usual attendants of famine, had appeared, and continued very prevalent throughout the year. The fever was peculiarly fatal among the upper classes. Those who had exerted themselves in the relief of suffering were most exposed to contagion, and thus the best and most tried were lost at the time when their services appeared to be increasingly required.—Others sank beneath their own unceasing tho' fruitless efforts to relieve the suffering which they daily witnessed. This mortality greatly increased the difficulty of procuring suitable administrators of relief, and we had to deplore the loss of many of our most valued correspondents."

The glowing pen of Cobden has bestowed on them a worthy tribute, alike elevated in sentiment and eloquent in diction:

"The famine fell upon nearly one half of a great nation. The whole world hastened to contribute money and food. But a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest glens and bogs of the west coast of the stricken island, to administer relief with their own hands. They found themselves not merely in the valley of the shadow of death—that would be but an imperfect image—they were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never since the 11th century did Pestilence, the gaunt handmaid of Famine, glean so rich a harvest. In the midst of a scene which no field of battle ever equalled in danger—in the number of its slain, or the physical sufferings of the living—these brave men walked as calm and unmoved as though they had been in their own homes. The population sunk so fast, that the living could not bury the dead; half-interred bodies protruded from the gaping graves; often the wife died in the midst of her starving children, while the husband lay a festering corpse by her side.

In the midst of these horrors did our heroes penetrate, dragging the dead from the living with their own hands, raising the heads of the famishing children, and pouring nourishment into parched lips, from which shot fever-flames more deadly than a volley of musketry. Here was courage! No music strung the nerves; no smoke obscured the imminent danger; no thunder of artillery deadened the senses. It was cool self-possessing and resolute will; calculated risk and heroic resignation. And who were these brave men? To what 'gallant' corps did they belong? Were they of the horse, foot or artillery force? They were Quakers, from Chapham and Kingston! If you would know what heroic actions they performed, you must inquire from those who witnessed them. You will not find them recorded in the volume of Reports, published by themselves—for Quakers write no bulletins of their victories."

At home, the contributions were liberal and so also from abroad, particularly from the U. S. Philadelphia sent her thousands, and the Committee say:—

"The total amount of American donations of food consigned to us was 9,911 tons, the value of which was about £133,847 7s. 7d. including £33,017 5s. 7d. for freight paid by the British Government.

All honor to the generous and benevolent under such circumstances.

Death of Colonel Frederick G. Kay.

A telegraphic dispatch from Philadelphia, received here yesterday, announced the painful intelligence of the death of Col. Fred. G. Kay, of the firm of Kay & Co., booksellers, of this city. He had been laboring for about two weeks, under an attack of typhus fever, at Germantown, where he was temporarily residing with his family. Col. Kay was in the prime of life, and his sudden demise has startled the circle of his numerous friends, who must deeply deplore the loss of so excellent a citizen.

We understand the body will be brought to this city for interment.—*Pittsburg Union, March 26th.*

LOGIC.—A man who was up to a thing or two, offered to bet that he could prove that 'this side' of the river was the 'other side.

His challenge was soon accepted, and a bet of ten dollars made; when, pointing to the opposite shore of the river, he asked—

'Is not that one side of the river?'

'Yes,' was the answer.

'Agreed,' said the man, 'and is not this the other side?,

'Yes'

'Then,' said the man, 'I've won; for by your own confessions, I have proved that this side, of the river is the 'other side.

The dumb foundered antagonist, overcome by this profound logic immediately forked over the money and sloped.

☞ "Master, this gal keeps a sayin I'm a thief!'

'Why, what does she say that you have stolen?'

'She says I stole her character.'

At this juncture a little girl jumped up, and said:

'I geth he did—I geth he did—for I theen him behind the thcool house, a eating thumthing.'